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JUST PUBLISHED,
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By *JOHN DARBY*, the Author.

Written in One Thousand Eight Hundred and Thirty-Seven.

A DIALOGUE,
BETWEEN A
WATCHMAN AND THE TRAVELLER,
BOUND FOR ZION.

The Traveller is benighted, and he is enquiring of the Watchman, a Minister of Christ, the cause of it, as he was in distress; he said, Watchman, what of the night, Watchman, what of the night? The Watchman informeth him the morning cometh and also the night; and at the end of the Dialogue, their parting Song.

THE TRAVELLER HATH LOST HIS WAY.

Traveller.

Watchman, on the walls I ask you,
Am I wrong or am I right;
I am bound for Zion's City,
But with me it now is night.

Watchman.

Keep on straight, the path is narrow,
Turn not on the left I pray;
For 'twill end at last in sorrow,
To destruction broad's the way.

Traveller.

Sir, I thank you for your kindness,
And instructions on the way;
But I see the day-star's dawning,
So I can no longer stay.

Watchman.

Night expect and also morning,
As for Canaan travelling on;
But no storms above in glory,
With the ransom'd blood-bought throng.

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1837.

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Poem.

There remaineth a rest to the people of God.

Above the world Mount Zion stands,
Emmanuel's blessed, happy lands,
A rest there now remains ;
No sorrow there nor pain nor death,
Nor sighs, nor groans, nor praying breath,
But everlasting praise.

2

Fear not ye timorous feeble saints,
To join above the shining ranks,
To cross old Jordan's flood ;
'Tis but a shadow called death,
A chill to stop your mortal breath,
Then victory sing through blood.

3

O, had I but a Seraph's wings,
I'd soar above all earthly things,
To heaven with Christ above ;
Nor would I rest till home with him,
That died on Calvary for sin,
That sits in smiles of love.

4

O, Jesus, be our constant guide,
Our shelter in thy wounded side,
Until the signal's given ;
Then waft us safe o'er Jordan's flood,
To sing of victory through thy blood,
And land us safe in heaven.

A DIALOGUE,

BETWEEN A

Watchman and the Traveller.

The Traveller.—Mr. Watchman, I am a traveller and also a pilgrim, bound for Zion, but night hath overtaken me and I have lost sight of my way; but, I read in my pocket companion, a treasure that I have, the Bible, that the Lord hath set on the walls of Jerusalem, Watchmen, and he hath given unto them this charge, that they are not to hold their peace day nor night; ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence; my Lord hath compassion on the ignorant and those that are out of the way, and I have had instruction of him, and he hath informed me, the way of life is above to the wise, to depart from hell beneath; but, sir, I have lost sight of the Sun, and at present I am benighted, and my Lord hath informed me, sir, and I have it also in my pocket companion, that he that walketh in darkness and hath no light, knoweth not whither he goeth. I tell you, sir, I am but a young man, and I have not had scarce a cloud on my journey, and now I find it unpleasant to have lost the sweet cheering rays of the sun of righteousness; but, I have to inform you, that the Holy Ghost hath taught me a little, that I stand in the lot with my fellow-travellers, that you who were sometimes darkness, are now light in the Lord. Now, Mr. Watchman, I am come to you for to advise me

how I am to go on, I can assure you, sir, I do not like to travel alone in the night, for my journey seems long and tedious without company, and a traveller cannot pursue his journey on so brisk by night as he can by day, for when the day-star arises, the clouds are removed and then the dawning of the day appears, and then the traveller pursues on his journey towards his home, I am sir, bound for Zion, moving forward, faint, yet pursuing; I have already made it a matter of prayer to the Lord, to inform me the cause of this distress, I consider sir, the cause is in me, I am come sir, for your advice, as you are a Minister of Christ, and I believe a Watchman the Lord hath sat over a Church of his at Ephesus.

A watchman is for to look out,
To see whatever he can spy,
To tell poor travellers on the way,
When that the enemy is nigh.

Watchman to Traveller.—Traveller, I am certainly a Watchman, and you say young man, that you are come to me for advice, but you have informed me that you asked of my master's advice already, for if you had not been taught by the Holy Ghost to ask wisdom first of him who giveth wisdom liberally and upbraideth not, I should have advised you to ask wisdom first of God; but, as I find you have done it already, I am indeed ready to give you any instructions as far as I am taught by the Holy Ghost, for your help on your way to Zion. I have, young man, first to inform you, that unless the Lord keepeth the city the Watchman waketh but in vain; I shall endeavour by divine teaching, for to give you instructions. The Lord hath sat Watchmen on the walls, that are not to

hold their peace day nor night, and they have this charge given unto them, ye that make mention of the Lord keep not silence. But we are informed in the Word of God, that there are also dumb dogs, greedy dogs, and I persuade you my young friend to beware of them, for they mislead travellers; for the Lord informeth us that they can never have enough, every one looking for gain from their own quarter, they show much love, but their hearts go after their covetousness, I have seen enough of them in my time I can assure you, but I am aware of them, and I am on the look out for them. My young fellow traveller, I have to inform you, that every steward of the manifold wisdom of God, have at times as well as yourself night seasons. The great Apostle of the Gentiles was not a stranger to it, for he was a night and a day in the deep, he certainly was in deep distress of soul; at another time we hear, with him night came on and all hopes of sailing was lost, nor sun; moon, nor stars appeared for many days; there was clouds that obscured Christ the Sun of Righteousness, the root and offspring of David, the bright and morning star, so that you are not the first young man, neither will you be the last that will have to travel in the night, for the morning cometh and also the night. I suppose you want sunshine all the way, if you do, I can promise you that you will be disappointed, until you are home where the sun shall no more go down; that refers, that you will live eternal in the sweet rays of it in Heaven, Christ is the sun, he is risen there to set no more for ever; I have found it for myself, the surest and safest way in the night to stand still and see the salvation of God, heaviness may endure for a

night, but joy cometh in the morning; for when the cloud was over the tabernacle, the children of Israel could not pursue their journey on, but when the Lord removed it, they went forward. The children of Israel my young friend was in a sad murmuring way when they were about to cross the Red Sea, for they were as you and myself are, sometimes looking the dark side, they saw no way of deliverance, they were full of rebellion against their leader and commander Moses, they told him, it would have been better for them if they had died in the wilderness, there was the sea before them and they were inclosed each side by the rocks, and their enemies behind them pursuing on, and they afraid to go forward on account of the mighty waters; the Lord said unto Moses, command the children of Isreal to go forward, they then approached near to the sea, they could not go any further; Moses said unto them, stand still and see the salvation of God, for the enemies that you have seen to day you shall see no more for ever; the Lord commanded his servant Moses, to stretch out his rod over the sea and it divided, and Israel went over as on dry land; Pharoah and his host pursued them, the sea returned and they were drowned all in the sea, even in the Red Sea, and a great victory was gained that day, but the victory was the Lord's and they gave him the glory. You and I, my friend, want our faith kept alive by the Holy Ghost, otherwise we shall be full of unbelief as Israel was, and we shall murmur as they did in their tents, but the Lord remaineth faithful that hath promised, and he hath said, that for all these things he will be inquired for by his own children to do it for them; and if we have darkness here

and clouds, the time is fast approaching for us, and nigher than you and I might imagine, when it will be to us a morning without clouds, nothing more to obscure the bright rays of the sun, farewell then to noise and war, tumult and strife, farewell to an insnaring world, the flesh and the devil abstent from the body and present with the Lord, and it will be a morning without clouds; our covenant God and Father in Christ Jesus hath also said, it shall be light at evening time; so 'tis well, and the promise is, it shall be well with the righteous; every Minister of Christ or Watchman, is commanded to be instant in season and out of season, but 'tis almost out of date, for most of them love to slumber; I think our brother Paul came nigh to the mark, and it was my friend at the time when the young man by the Apostle's long preaching was asleep and fell down from the third loft dead. The wise man my brother, informeth us that there is a season for all things, and he certainly is right, for one event happeneth to all; for there is a time to be born and a time to die, there is a time to be born a natural birth, and there is a time to be born of the spirit a spiritual birth, there is a time to die in the Lord, and there is a time to die the death of all men; for it is appointed for all men once to die, and in this there is no exception, for in Adam all die, but the people of God by their union in Christ, living and believing in him, he saith shall never die; they also said the Apostle that sleep in Jesus shall God bring with him; the Lord also sendeth his rain on the just and also on the unjust, every thing to produce in his season, but there is a blessing comes with a word spoken my brother in due season to the people of God, and they know when it is, it comes not in word only but in

power and in the Holy Ghost, and then the heart believeth unto righteousness, and with the mouth confession is made unto salvation; then those that are made the receptions of it, say how good it is, but I am brought my brother to the place of stopping of mouths, and then I know what it is to be in the night although I am a watchman, and that is the time that the enemy encroacheth, and I have stood all night and whole nights on my watch tower, and have seen him so nigh, that I have cried out in distress, a lion my Lord. But my friend, the lion of the tribe of Judah hath conquered him for us; but there is seasons when the Lord's Ministers cannot come forth, and they had not a word of comfort for the people, and then the Lord puts a cry in their souls; O Lord, open thou my mouth, and my lips shall shew forth thy praise; and where he puts this cry, he answereth the prayer of faith—open thy mouth wide and I will fill it. My young friend, the Word of God is not bound, but bonds and afflictions our brother Paul said abide me in every city. But my dear young man, for your consolation and mine, the darkness and the light are both alike to the Lord. Any thing further that I can instruct you as far as the Holy Ghost hath taught me, I shall take it always a pleasure to do for you that might be for your edification.

The darkness and the shining light,
Are both alike to God above;
For all his people his delight,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

Traveller to Watchman.—I wish my friend as you are a Watchman, for further information, you seem to sum it up to me quite easy by saying that the darkness and the light are both alike to the Lord,

and I do sincerely believe what you have said to be true ; but, I am but a young soldier just enlisted by the King of Kings, and just entered the field ; not long since I was a babe weaned from the breast, and you my brother are an old soldier of Jesus Christ, and have had many skirmishes with the enemy, and I am a young soldier as Timothy was ; but I have this desire, to endeavour to please him who hath chosen me to be a soldier. I do sincerely like to have conversation with old soldiers of Jesus Christ, for faith worketh patience, and my brother Watchman I do want it, and patience experience, and experience hope, and hope maketh not ashamed ; for the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost, that is given unto us ; I am indeed very willing to receive instruction, for if the Lord preserves my life, I shall, I expect, as I am like as David once was but a stripling, to have a host of enemies to encounter with, and I have no power neither might in myself ; but one blessing, Sir, for you and me, that the Lord giveth power to the faint, and to those that have no might he increaseth strength. My dear friend, can you give me any account of your own trials and temptations, and how the Lord wrought a deliverance for you, or any other that have been called in the field before you under the King of the armies bought with blood, I should be happy and thankful to you to inform me, for I certainly stand in need my brother soldier and companion in tribulation, this day of it.

Faint I am, and on pursuing,
 For Emmanuel's happy shore ;
 Where no sorrow, pains, distresses,
 Never's heard nor felt no more.

Watchman to Traveller.—My brother, I do admire your honest simplicity, for a young man as you are, I never met with your fellow in all my travels, certainly I can say by you in a measure as Boaz said unto Ruth, blessed art thou my son, for thou hast shewed me kindness, in following me for instruction, more than after young men whether rich or poor. My dear young man I shall speak to you, as your wish was to inform you, of any brother soldier, as well as myself, that had been a long standard in the army, and I shall give you his advice, as I have had it delivered to myself, in an epistle for my consolation; and I hope you also will receive it with joy, that it might be to you like bread cast on the water, found again after many days. My brother in the Lord, hear me I pray patiently; the great Apostle of the Gentiles gave this exhortation to the Church at Ephesus, he was a warrior that waged a good warfare in the strength of the Lord, and lay hold on eternal life; he enters the field with this exhortation, finally my brethren be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might; he was an eminent soldier for he endured hardness for his Lord and master Jesus Christ; and I hope you will be enabled as Timothy, for he was a young man, to fight the good fight of faith, and be able to endure by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, looking to him who is invisible; the Holy Ghost gave the Apostle understanding, and he knew his own weakness, and he gave this exhortation to Timothy, my son be strong in the grace that is in Christ Jesus. If the Apostle had not been taught to feel how weak he was through infirmities of the flesh, he would not have given this exhortation, to the church to be strong in the grace that

is in Christ Jesus, for he said, when I am weak then am I strong, but it was not in himself, but it was in the Lord and in the power of his might, strengthened, the Apostle said, with might by the spirit in the inner man; and it is a very great blessing from the Lord, to know as the outer man decayeth that the inner man is renewed day by day. My young brother in the Lord, we, under divine teaching should trace up the streams to the fountain, for all streams proceed from one river, 'tis the river of life; it refers to the everlasting love of God, to his church in Christ Jesus. As you are but a youth, I wish to instruct you in the way of righteousness, it would be but a vain thing, for an army of men to enter the field against the enemy, without they have the armour on; and then it is through the skill of the general, that they conquer their enemies, and gain the victory; so it was my brother with the armies crossed over Jordan, and are landed in glory; they overcame by the blood of the Lamb, and by the word of their testimony, and they were expert in war, for they did not mind what they suffered for their commander: for they loved not their lives, even unto the death, so they won the laurels, and left the field in triumphs of honour, and were more than conquerors, through him who loved them; for they got not the land by their own sword, neither did their own arm save them, but thy right hand, and thine arm, and the light of thy countenance; because thou hadst a favour to them, so far we trace up the streams to the fountain, and give the honour to him, to whom alone it is due; for it is written, cursed is man, that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, therefore it is said in the

scriptures blessed is the man that trusteth in the Lord,
 and whose hope the Lord is. My brother, the Holy
 Ghost have been the teacher of the people of God
 in all ages, for he led them by the right way, which
 is Christ, for he is the way, the truth, and the life, to
 a city of habitation, and this is the cry of little faith,
 thou shalt guide me by thy counsel and after receive
 me to glory. My young brother soldier all the old
 worthies died in faith, in Emmanuel the captain of our
 salvation, they gave credit to the promise after the fall,
 on Christ that was to come to bruise the serpent's head,
 and to come in the fulness of time to atone for their
 sins, for the spirit of Christ that was in them, testified
 before hand, that was before he appeared incarnate, it
 testified to them the sufferings of Christ, and the glory
 that was to follow; these our brother soldier Paul said
 all died in faith, having not received the promises, but
 seen them afar off and they embraced them, and
 honoured him that was to come; by seeing and believ-
 ing on him who is invisible, they had faith given them,
 they saw him by faith, and endured as good soldiers,
 and have quitted the field and returned to Zion with
 songs of everlasting joy, and are now home with the
 king in his beauty, Emmanuel, God with us; young
 man I have not yet done, I begged for your patience
 before I began, for I wish to inform you on what I know
 to be truth, and no further, as you are a traveller and
 I a watchman, we both stand in need to have our faith
 strengthened and kept alive by the Holy Ghost; men
 may go up and chatter like a crane, and prattle like a
 swallow, and tell what they know nothing of themselves
 to act faith; when the Apostle's faith lay at such a
 low ebb, that they were constrained to cry Lord increase

our faith, for if those glow-worms could act faith when they please they can quicken their own souls, and if so, they could remove every mountain, which refers to unbelief, into the midst of the sea ; there would be no need to pray to the Holy Ghost as David did, when he said my soul cleaveth to the dust—and next he reminds the Lord of his promise ; quicken me according to thy word. Faith my brother is the gift of God, and without faith it is impossible to please God, and the Bible hath informed us in the written word, that all men have not faith, then they cannot please him. I shall bring forward by the teaching of the Holy Ghost the truth that is in Jesus, I shall mention no sect, neither party of religious worshippers, neither shall I caval on sentiments, but through divine teaching throw the bow to a venture, and I pray that the Holy Ghost will direct the arrow. There is men in the present day, that mount up in their pulpits and affirm that the reason that men in a natural state, dead in trespasses and sins, that they have not faith because they ask not for it; I would simply ask those light-footed gentlemen, how a dead man, dead in sin, that hath no spiritual life, no animal function in him, can speak to the Lord and ask him for faith, before that they are quickened, they are as dead and as dry as the dry bones we read of in Ezekiel, and they would have remained so to this day, had there not have been life breathed into them ; they are so dead as Lazarus was and laying in their grave clothes, and there they will remain if the Lord do not in some measure say to them as he once did to Lazarus, come forth ; they will not awake, but the hour Christ once said, is coming and now is, when the dead shall hear the voice of the son

of God, and they that hear shall live, it refers to the preaching of the Gospel of Christ; the word that God sent to the children of Israel, preaching peace by Jesus Christ, he is Lord of all, and when the word comes in demonstration of the spirit and with power, it reacheth the sinner's heart, 'tis a cutting word, 'tis the sword of the spirit, 'tis quicker than any two edged sword, it puts life into the dead; and you, said the Apostle, hath he quickened, who were dead in trespasses and sins. I believe we are about the mark my brother, skin deep will not do, a skillful physician will probe the wound to the bottom. My brother, I shall, I am afraid be wearisome, and I shall soon conclude; the Lord saith I was found of them that sought not after me, I was made known to them that sought me not; he was and is now made known by the Holy Ghost to the Lord's own people, God in Christ Jesus; next we shall open it, Christ saith he that hath seen me, hath seen the father also. Now as he was made known to them that sought him not, I shall not enlarge on it, he was before he appeared incarnate, to Abraham, Jacob, and Manoah, and others; but after this he came in the fulness of the time to seek and save that which was lost; my brother he is beforehand with his people, he finds them, they do not find him first, but he comes to seek and to save those that are lost, in the dark and in the cloudy day, and this is the very day spoken of, for he hath many jewels laying in the rubbish of the fall; but he will send ambassadors, and they will find them out, for they are hid in a field, they are in the world, but they are precious now; and they shall be in that day when he shall make them up, for their number he knows, and he will have his tale,

not one of them he will lose, for he knoweth them that are his, they shall pass under the rod into the hand of him that told them into the bonds of the covenant; so far we are right. Do those servants of Moses, consider by our Lord saying to his own disciples that what he spake to them, referred to all mankind, as they say they have not faith, because they do not seek neither ask for it; not so my brother traveller, he was speaking to those that knew him to be their Lord and loved him, and he said unto them ask and receive, that your joy may be full, hitherto you have asked nothing; they had been provided for while Christ was with them, they lacked nothing. For he said once to them, lacked ye any thing, and they answered and said nothing, Lord, but he was about to leave them, and after he was gone they must beg their bread; I dare say they found it trying after having been so well provided for, to lose their master and shift for themselves, to beg their daily bread; and their Lord and master told them not to let their hearts be troubled, for there was bread enough in his father's house, and to spare; and he said to them whatsoever ye ask the father in my name, he will give it unto you, so there was no danger of a famine; but my brother traveller there is a worse famine; but not for bread, but for hearing the word of the Lord. Well my brother we are poor needy creatures, and my God, said the apostle, shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus; and there is no more promised, and if you and I expect more, we shall surely be disappointed. I shall conclude, I hope you will give me a long epistle that I might have a little comfort, and I hope you will be

led to embrace by the teaching of the Holy Ghost, sound doctrine.

Come, needy sinners come,
If you see need of him,
He will in no wise cast you out,
That burthen'd are for sin.

Traveller to Watchman.—My brother, I have heard you patiently, I recollect the saying of an old ambassador for Christ, be not weary in well doing nor faint in your minds, for in due season you shall reap if ye faint not ; my brother, I do not trust in myself for well doing, I wish as you do to trace the streams up to the fountain ; I wish to be taught by the Holy Ghost in all my ways to acknowledge him, and I have the promise he shall bring it to pass, I informed you before of my inability of my doing any thing of myself, but I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me. Faint, yet my brother pursuing ; I shall inform you, friend Watchman, how I pursue on my way, and then you will be able to give me as you are a Minister of Christ a word of advice ; when I am led to a throne of grace to ask for any thing I stand in need of, I am instructed by the Holy Ghost, to remember the word in which the Lord hath caused me to hope. I go with the promissory note, and I beg, and a very comfortable life it is ; I do not work, but I am a beggar ; some may say, I like a lazy life, but I inform those that I do not find it a lazy life, for I have plenty to do when the Holy Ghost puts the machine to work, and I work cheerful and willing ; I work from life my brother, and those that call a beggar's life a lazy one are working for life, and busy they are with their galley with oars ; but if they do not

return and come unto Zion in the vessel of Free Grace ; with songs and everlasting joy on their heads, they will never land on the shore of Emmanuel, where sorrow and sighing will be no more.—My brother, I call a beggar's life a happy life, for they are sure not to starve, because they have the promise, and it must be fulfilled. Christ said, I am the bread of life that came down from Heaven, and he said, he that cometh unto me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst. For my God, the Apostle said, shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus. Some of the Lord's people consider that there will be different degrees in glory, I do not believe it my brother in the Lord, for he that came the last hour into the vineyard received the same as he that bore the burthen and heat of the day ; remember the thief on the cross, by grace are ye saved. The Lord, my friends, will do as he pleases with his own ; the Apostle Peter said, to them that have obtained with us like precious faith. If'tis but a grain of faith it is all one nature, it is all of a growing nature like a grain of mustard seed that groweth so high that the fowls of the air lodgeth in the branches ; but we cannot make it grow, the work is the Lord's, for Paul might plant and Apollo's water, but God it is that giveth the increase ; Lord, the Apostles once said, increase our faith. We dare not make ourselves my brother with some that commend themselves, for they measure themselves by themselves are not wise ; some require works of dead sinners before God giveth them grace like Pharoah's hard task-masters did of old, bricks without straw, and none of their work to be

diminished. Farewell my brother, I have some way to travel to night to my cottage, I hope if the Lord will to see you at Mr. Sound Truth's in the morning, about of six, Ebenezer-Street. Farewell my dear brother Watchman until the morning, then if all is well I shall see you again.

Christ and Moses hand in hand,
They never can agree;
The law to bondage gendereth,
But Christ he makes us free.

Watchman to Traveller.—I am arrived by the help of the Lord, but I see you are here before me, my brother, you are more nimble on your feet than I, for old age is come on me, but a hoary head is a crown of glory, if it be found in the way of righteousness. My brother in the world there are many sects and parties, but they are all in one strain, they are called certainly by different names, but they are all in one string, like so many strings in one fiddle; one string sounds lo, here is Christ, another string lo there; but the master of the harpers in glory saith go not after them, for their trumpet gives an uncertain sound; I must acknowledge myself that I certainly am fond of music, but not such as comes from a trumpet that gives an uncertain sound, who then belonging to my Lord's army would prepare for the battle; I know when one of Emmanuel's trumpets sounds, but I do not know their voice, of Hagar's trumpeters, for I never learned their notes, they are very fond to sound their trumpet to be heard as Hezekiah did at one time, he said that he chattered like a crane and prattled like a swallow, it did not attract the heart neither the ears of the Lord of the harpers, the grand master of music; the key

was not put in tune, but when the heart was right and touched with a live coal from of the altar the music was heard and answered, it reached the high courts of glory. O Lord I am oppressed undertake for me ; Hezekiah was a king, but he rises his notes higher, and he said thou in love to my soul hast delivered me from the pit of corruption, for thou hast cast all my sins behind thy back ; my brother when the trumpet of the gospel sounds Christ Jesus and him crucified, that is the music that would attract my heart, and if it was in a stable I should soon be there, I think I should be almost as light on my feet as my master was once, when the bride said it is the voice of my beloved, behold he cometh leaping on the mountains and skipping on the hills;—or so nimbale as the woman that put her hands on the spindle she is not afraid of of the snow ; if we are my brother coming up out of the wilderness leaning on our beloved we shall not mind a few storms, a traveller must take up-hill with the down ; my brother, if Jesus Christ and him crucified is not preached in all his sweet lovely and endearing characters, as the chiefest among ten thousands, and the altogether lovely, he is not there, he is risen, then come out from among them ; happy indeed are such as can say by blessed experience the Lord is my shepherd I shall not want, he maketh me to lie down in green pastures beside the still waters. My dear brother, the Apostle exhorted Timothy to study, to shew himself approved unto God, for the fear of man, my young brother Traveller, bringeth a snare ; he exhorted him also, that he might be a workman, that needed not to be ashamed rightly.

dividing the word of truth ; for he informed him, that the preaching of the cross to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are saved it is the power of God. The Apostle was led, where I pray I might be, to trace the streams up to the fountain, and never to muddle the pure streams of that river that makes glad the City of God, the Church, the Lamb's Bride. Every faithful sent servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, are made instrumental ; some they are made the savour of death unto death, and to others, the savour of life unto life, and he leaves it to the Lord by saying, who is sufficient for these things,—he also cautions Timothy of Hymeneus and Philetus, these were men of corrupt minds, reprobates concerning the faith, these men erred not knowing the scripture, nor the power of God. The Apostle differed from them as far as the east is from the west, for he spoke to every man's conscience as in the sight of God ; many like Hymeneus and Philetus are in this awful day of blasphemy and rebuke, that affirm that the body rises no more ; therefore he said, let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity. My friend, if you have any thing more to say, be as quick as possible, for I have received a letter by post to return home this week, for the king's business is in haste ; so my dear friend conclude as quick as possible.

Our sins are drowned in the blood,
Of Jesus when he died ;
His name sounds sweet indeed to me,
Christ and him crucified.

Traveller to Watchman.—My dear brother, as I first began, you call on me to conclude ; I was given

to understand that you are sent for to be home at Pentecost, but I am sorry to part with you, but as necessity calleth for it I must say the will of the Lord be done ; I sincerely wish you the presence of the captain of our salvation with you in crossing the mighty waters, I have heard men when on the garrison in the midst of danger, crying out, all is well at sea, and the sea very boisterous and in the midst of danger ; but the promise is my brother, it shall be well with the righteous. You seem, my brother, anxious for moving, but 'twill be but a short time before that we shall meet in glory ; suppose we have a parting song my brother Watchman. Watchman hath no objection, but I am not much of a singer ; never mind brother we shall sing louder when we are crossed Jordan with our companions once in tribulation as we are, but arrived safe home and are singing now around the throne of God. Traveller please to begin the first verse.

Poem 1.

Traveller.

Come, let us join the song above
 With saints arriv'd to glory,
 My brother let us live in love,
 Like those that's gone before we.

Watchman.

And, brother traveller, we shall be,
 With our beloved Jesus,
 And cast our crowns down at his feet,
 And sweetly sing his praises.

Traveller.

I'm happy that we here have met,
 As Pilgrims meet together ;
 But we must pass, my brother dear,
 Through stormy wind and weather.

Watchman.

But we shall meet on Canaan's side,
 Above with our sweet Jesus ;
 My brother with the Church above,
 And sweet shall sing his praises.

Traveller.

May Jesus be our constant guide,
 Until the signal's given ;
 And waft us safe on Canaan's side,
 And land us safe in heaven.

Watchman.

Farewell, my brother Traveller dear,
 Shook hands most broken hearted ;
 So these two pilgrims met in love,
 And so in love they parted

Poem 2.*The Recruiting Sergeant, Zion Head Quarters.*

I am recruiting for the king, that once from Edom came,
 He'll cast out none that come to him, Emmanuel is his
 name,
 The maim'd, the lame, the halt, the blind, my captain
 doth enlist,
 Your bounty to head-quarters pays, and faith he gives
 to trust.

My order runs for to enlist, sinners that's bought with blood,
 Head-quarters is on Zion's-hill, across old Jordan's flood,
 Come all recruits, now willing made, enlist I will for him,
 My Captain's name Emmanuel is, that did salvation bring.

Sinners 'tis now the accepted time, this is Salvation's Day,
 As many as are willing made, I will enlist this day,
 And when the earnest you receive, on jubilee I say,
 Soldiers you are then of the king and then begins your
 pay.

Recruits now in my Captain's corps, your clothing it is
 red,
 Regimental's is a scarlet dye, in costly precious blood ;
 A sword is given you to fight your way to Canaan's shore,
 And when you reach the promis'd land, you'll want it
 never more.

Sinners make no excuse and say, for Christ I am not fit.
 All soldiers are complete in him, and in him all made
 meet;
 There's Paul of Tarsus, Peter to, Manasseh bloody stain,
 The blood of Chrst doth cleanse from all, the Lamb for
 sinners slain.

Poem 3.

The Church the Lamb's Bride mourning for her husband.

His bride is the Church, her cage is her prison,
 Her husband from her was absent away,
 And she was a mourning, her husband was risen,
 But she in her prison confin'd for to stay.

Her eye it was single and looking out for him,
 No object but him she had in her sight ;
 She wanted to take her flight from her prison,
 Her husband it seems was all her delight.

One night he came to her door and he knocked,
 His hair it was wet with the dew of the night ;
 She came down at last but greatly was shocked,
 Her husband from her had taken his flight.

She put on her garments, she knew she was married,
 The ring she had on, he made her his bride ;
 But for her unkindness and cruel behaviour,
 Determin'd he was her faith should be tried.

She walked the streets and asked the watchmen,
 But they unto her no comfort could give ;
 Have you seen my beloved ? my husband is absent,
 I cannot be happy without him and live.

It was not long since that we passed by him,
 His hair it was wet with the dew of the night ;
 What have ye done to him, that he is departed,
 All things we fear with you is not right.

My friends never mind, my lover is coming,
 One kiss of his mouth, 'tis my husband I see ;
 I'm returned my love, my own undefiled,
 To take thee at home to heaven with me.

For the Consolation of Weak Believers.

By JOHN DARBY.

A certain man a fig tree had,
 No fruit on it was seen,
 And I defy the world to prove,
 That fruit on it had been.
 Every plant Jesus oncesaid,
 A living branch in me,
 That God my father planted there,
 His life is hid in me.

If that the father planted in,
 To Christ a fruitful tree,
 He never would say cut it down,
 He is a branch in me.
 And what the father planteth not,
 It shall be rooted up ;
 But not a branch in Jesus Christ,
 No man shall never pluck.

THE BARREN FIG TREE.

The thirteenth Chapter of Luke, the sixth and following verses, Jesus spake also this parable ; a certain man had a fig-tree. This certain man was Christ, and he came and sought fruit thereon and

found none, and he said cut it down why cumbereth it the ground ; and he said unto the Lord let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it and dung it, and if it bear fruit, well : and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down. It was all the performances of this poor dresser, that by his morality and working on the will of an unregenerated man, dead in sin, he thought he would bear fruit, it was not the work of the Lord, for the Apostle said, being confident of this very thing. If the work had been began by the Holy Ghost, he would carry it on and perform it until the day of Jesus Christ. The dresser was willing to do his best, Jesus needed not for any to testify unto him of man, for as he was God and Man, he knew all things, and he knew that the tree would never bear fruit ; otherwise he would never have said cut it down. For he must have cut down, if he had been a tree that God had planted in Christ, cut down a member of his own body, of whom he is the head, and lose one particular member or a branch, in him the living vine, then Christ must certainly lose part of his own body, and sit imperfect in Heaven, which is his body the Church, the fullness of him that filleth all in all. My brethren in the Lord, Jesus once went into Bethany with his Disciples, and seeing a fig-tree afar off having leaves and no fruit on it ; he was afar off, for he was never made nigh by the blood of Christ. When the Lord called to Adam after he by transgression fell, he hid himself among the trees of the garden to hide his shame and nakedness ; and they made themselves aprons of fig-leaves, as thousands do in the present day, by going about to establish

their own righteousness ; and if they are not found in Christ and clothed with the robe of righteousness, they will be found naked, as the barren fig-tree, an outward show, a tree standing with the leaves of profession and no fruit on the tree ; it was in a figure of Ishmael the barren fig-tree, for his mother Hagar went and sat over against him a good way off, and she said let me not see the death of the child. Christ knew all things as he was God, but in his manhood it seemeth he did not, for he speaking of the last Judgment, he said of that day and hour knoweth no man, neither the Angels of God nor the Son but the Father only ; and he also forbid at first the Disciples not to go into the city of Samaria, nor at any place where the Gentiles were, but they were to go to the lost sheep of the house of Israel for there he was sent ; he had not in his humanity a perfect knowledge of the Gentile Church, for it is said in the Prophet Isaiah, he said of the Gentiles, where have these been, and the Lord God said they shall bring thy sons in their arms, and thy daughters on their shoulders. The time of figs it is said were not yet come, it referred to the calling and gathering of the Gentiles ; as the barren fig-tree never bore fruit and Jesus knew he never would, he said let no fruit grow on it forever, and it withered away ; the trees of the Lord's own planting never cease to yield fruit, the promise is immutable ; the righteous shall be fat and flourishing, they shall bring forth fruit in old age, to show that the Lord is upright, he is my rock, and there is no unrighteousness in him. They shall not be careful said Jeremiah in the time of drought, neither

cease from yielding fruit; the barren fig-tree my brethren weak you may be in the faith at times, by seeing your own poverty, and condemn yourselves thinking you may be a barren fig-tree; fear not little flock for it is your father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom. The barren fig-tree was wild by nature, he was one of Adam's wild branches dead by the fall, never made alive in Christ, he had as thousands have a name to live that are dead, he was a branch cut out of the wild olive tree by nature out of the old stock Adam; and he never was grafted into the good olive tree, the Lord Jesus Christ; for in me said Christ is thy fruit found, so he was cut down as a cumberer of the ground. Christ is the root and offspring of David, he is the root of David in his Godhead, in his humanity he is the offspring of him, he is the vine and the Church is the branches, if the root is holy so are the branches. 'Tis an eternal union, Christ and the Church, the head and the body that never can be separated; for what God hath joined together no man can put asunder, for in the fifteenth chapter of St. John, in the original, 'tis said, every branch that beareth not fruit in me he taketh it away; you observe this by the barren fig-tree, and every branch in me that beareth fruit he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit; the poor man could not make the tree good, but if God makes it good you will see fruit, for the tree is known by it. The fallow ground was never broken up, the barren fig-tree never received the ingrafted word, never had an unction from the Holy one, never had any grace, then he could not grow in

grace. There was no fruit found on the tree, men do not gather grapes from thorns, neither figs from thistles; for if he ever had grace he would have grown in grace, for he giveth more grace; but as some professors, he never had grace, it showeth plain it was only a natural religion; and then it is said it shall be taken away that which he seemeth to have, then he had nothing but leaves a shadow without a substance. It appears so clear to me and I should consider in the eyes of any man that is taught by the Holy Ghost, that if there had been any fruit on the tree it would have been discovered; for the fruit of the spirit is love and it shows its effects. We love God because he first loved us, joy and peace, we joy in God through our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom also we have received the atonement; he is our peace who hath made peace by the blood of his cross; the tree is in a flourishing state, it does not seem that the Lord would have said to a tree that he saw fruit on, to have commanded it to be cut down, a vine in himself and he a fruitful branch bearing fruit in the vine, for in me saith the Lord is thy fruit found; it was a wild olive tree that never bare nor never would if he had remained until time should have been no more. Another fruit of the spirit is long suffering, Christ would have waited patiently like the husbandman waiteth for the fruits of the earth; he would not have said cut it down, for the Lord is long suffering towards his people, but he knew it never would bare fruit, therefore he said cut it down.

Poem 4.

Jesus and the Bee dies for their kindness and labour.

The Bee.

My sweet little bee, how busy is she,
She ranges the gardens and bowers;
Returns, and home to her hive with her sweets,
From rose buds and other sweet flowers.

Christ.

My sweet lovely Jesus, how busy was he,
The sweet rose of Sharon all fair;
His lilies he gathers all home unto God,
To the rest that remains for them there.

Bee.

This sweet little bee she labours all day,
She takes it a pleasure and joy;
And when she hath gather'd her harvest all in,
For her kindness her life they destroy.

Christ.

By faith I behold an innocent lamb,
Bore the burthen and heat of the day;
And as the sweet bee for his kindness and love,
His innocent life took away.

Bee.

My sweet little bee farewell now to thee,
But thy kindness to me I think on;
How busy this day thou hast been for me.
But farewell, for I now must be gone.

Christ.

For Jesus hath finish'd salvation for me,
And to glory before me is gone;
The armies redeemed are singing his blood,
As eternity's rolling along.

Poem 5.

And I heard the voice of harpers harping with their harps.

Hark, how the harpers sound his name
 Around the throne on Canaan's shore;
 Millions redeemed once by Christ,
 Worship, and praise him, and adore.

2

Our father's once in days of old,
 Pilgrim's that are to glory gone;
 They once were here, they died in faith,
 Inherit now the promise land.

3

These saints now crossed Jordan's flood,
 They all from tribulation came;
 Praising our great incarnate God,
 'Twas by his blood they overcame.

4

There all the host in glory bright,
 Elders and saints before him fall;
 Cloth'd in white robes stand in his sight,
 And crown Emmanuel Lord of all.

5

The blood a token was to them,
 That Jesus shed on Calvary;
 They sing and joyful shout amen,
 And say he liv'd and died for me.

6

There all in one grand chorus join,
 The armies ransom'd from the fall;
 And make the lofty arches sound,
 With crown Emmanuel Lord of all.

Poem 6.*I have chosen Thee in the Furnace of Affliction.*

Farewell, vain world, with all your care,
 There's nothing in you but despair,
 'Tis all enchanted ground;
 Eternal joys awaits my soul,
 Jesus he is my all in all,
 My hope, my heaven, my crown.

2

Here pains of body weigh me down,
 Hold out, great conqueror, the crown,
 To faith's immortal view;
 Say—I'm alive, but once was dead,
 This crown, I'll place it on your head,
 Laid up in heaven for you.

3

No body there of sin and death,
 No sighs, nor groans, nor praying breath,
 But everlasting praise;
 Sounds sweet, by saints to glory gone,
 There blood and victory crowns the song,
 In sweet, and heavenly lays.

4

There all is calm, and joy, and peace,
 The soul have had a sweet release,
 Among the saints in light;
 Victory they sing, through Jesus' blood,
 He made them kings, and priests to God,
 With infinite delight.

5

My precious Christ, the time will come,
 When I shall join the blood royal throng,
 The ransom'd from the fall;
 There, the grand chorus of the song,
 Will be to God, and to the Lamb,
 With crown him Lord of all.

Poem 7.

*I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lily of the Vallies, the
rose illustrates the divinity, and the lily his humanity.*

Sweet rose, how fair I saw thee once in June,
Dropt thy sweet head and died away at noon;
Thy crimson colours in the morning fair,
Without the toil of any human care.

2

Sweet rose of Sharon, and the lily fair,
No rose on earth cannot with thee compare
Thy fragrant beauties shone on Calvary's tree,
Bow'd thy sweet head, and died in love for me,

3

In this sweet rose, by faith I'm led to see,
One glorious person in the trinity;
Whom saints and angels worship and adore,
On Canaan's bright and happy blissful shore.

4

Sweet rose, O let my sun set fair at noon,
And rise again in one eternal bloom,
Around thy glorious throne, sweet rest above,
In the bright sun-beams of my Saviour's love.

5

'Tis this sweet rose that will compose my soul,
When I am call'd to yield up here my breath;
Then 'twill be sweet to pass the valley through,
'Tis but a shadow that is called death.

6

Yes, this sweet rose more precious is to me,
Then jewels are in glittering crowns of gold;
Or diamonds here that's set in costly rings,
Are lifeless toys—to me indeed, and cold.

7

Tell this sweet rose, ye saints that are arriv'd,
Across the waves of Jordan's swelling flood;
I soon shall join the chorus of your song,
And victory sing through the Redeemer's blood.

8

'Tis this sweet rose, and lily that's so fair,
 That death in victory for me swallow'd up;
 The sting of death my Jesus took away,
 When that he drank for me the bitter cup.

9

For this sweet rose on Jordan's banks I stand,
 Faith with delight it views the promis'd land;
 There saints in glory spend their joyful breath,
 And sing of blood and victory over death.

10

To this sweet rose, the armies bought with blood,
 Cast down their crowns, and humble prostrate fall;
 And make the blissful mansions sweetly sound,
 With crown Emmanuel, crown him Lord of all.

Poem 8.

The Saint's victory over death.

Hark! O my soul, my muse be still,
 All worldly thoughts from me be gone;
 And hear the song from Zion's hill,
 By blood-bought saints to glory gone;
 How sweet they spend their happy breath,
 And sing of victory over death;
 Then join that bright immortal throng,
 There blood and victory crowns the song;

2

A mighty warrior's song they sing,
 His garments once was roll'd in blood;
 They make the lofty arches sound,
 The armies cross'd o'er Jordan's flood;
 How sweet they spend their happy breath,
 And sing of victory over death;
 Then join that bright immortal throng,
 There blood and victory crowns the song;

3

Hark! how the harper sweetly sound,
 And every note sounds sweet of blood;

c

To him that made them kings and priests,
 Around the glorious throne of God
 Once sinners here, but sav'd by grace,
 Gaze on his sweet and smiling face ;
 Then join that bright immortal throng,
 There blood and victory crowns the song.

4

'Twill be exceeding sweet indeed,
 To see the armies bought with blood,
 Standing around the glorious throne,
 Praising their great incarnate God ;
 The shining ranks there prostrate fall,
 And crown Emmanuel Lord of all,
 Then join that bright immortal throng.
 There blood and victory crowns the song.

Poem 9.

This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith.

Faith hath the blissful shore in view,
 Before we cross the river through ;
 There Jesus sits, in glory bright,
 With Saints array'd in spotless white.

2

Hark ! O my soul ; my muse be still
 And hear the song from Zion's hill ;
 How sweet they spend their joyful breath,
 And sing of victory over death.

3

From tribulation great they came,
 They bore the cross, despis'd the shame ;
 He made them kings, and priests to God,
 And more than conquerors through his blood.

4

They live in all the smiles of God,
 And crost o'er Jordan's swelling flood ;
 The storms of life with them is o'er,
 And landed on the blissful shore.

He wears a vesture dipt in blood,
His name is call'd the Word of God ;
The armies there that follow him,
His blood hath wash'd away their sin.

5

They range the blissful mansions round,
With joy the Saviour's name they greet ;
Strike loud their strings on harps of gold,
Which make their song exceeding sweet.

6

Then cease ye mourners, cease to weep,
Rais'd from the ruins of the fall ;
You soon shall join their chorus there,
And crown Emmanuel Lord of all.

Poem 10.

I am the root and offspring of David, and the bright and morning star.

Bright star of the morning, arise and shine on me,
The joy of thy saints that to glory are gone,
Salvation they sing for ever and ever,
And victory through blood is the theme of their song,
And Jesus, sweet Jesus, in high lofty praises,
They sing as eternity's rolling along.

2

Let the children of Zion be joyful in praises,
And sing with the Church triumphant above,
There, harpers are harping their harps unto Jesus,
And every string sounds sweet of his love.
Sweet home, with their Jesus they sing his high praises,
His faithfulness there for ever they prove.

3

Sweet heaven of rest above with my Jesus,
No clouds to obscure his sweet face doth appear,
The river of life is always a flowing,
The city is brilliant and glorious and fair.
And Jesus, sweet Jesus, they sing in high praises,
The Lamb on the throne is the light of it there.

4

Our faith keep alive, O, Jehovah, the Spirit,
 For strangers we are and pilgrims here,
 And then we shall sing in crossing of Jordan,
 On Canaan's bright side there is nothing to fear,
 On the banks of the river we'll praise thee for ever,
 Our Jesus, sweet Jesus, will be with us there.

5

'Tis a wilderness here without thy sweet presence,
 For thou art the way, the truth, and the light,
 Make the desert to blossom, thou sweet lovely Jesus,
 And guide us along through the storms of the night,
 Then we'll walk through the valley, it is but a shadow,
 At evening time it then shall be light.

6

Then away with all sorrow, it is but to-morrow,
 And then the bright morn without clouds will appear,
 To sing of salvation for ever and ever,
 The King in his beauty will be with us there,
 Then sing, O ye blessed, beloved by Jesus,
 The children of Zion have nothing to fear.

7

There we'll wreath thy sweet head with laurels of praises
 With all the bright spirits surrounding thy throne,
 Our palms we'll wave, and crowns cast before thee,
 And sing of salvation to God and the Lamb,
 For ever and ever, hallelujah for ever,
 And blood, the grand chorus, shall be of the song.

May the God of all grace bless abundantly this
 small work, to all who love our Lord Jesus in
 sincerity. Amen.

Finis.



